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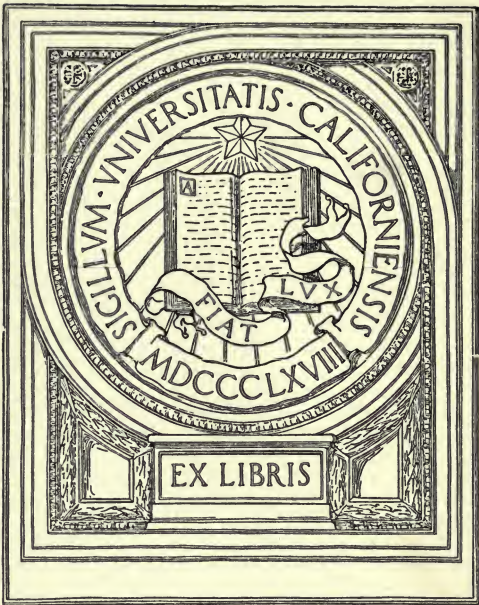
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**THE NORSK
NIGHTINGALE**



WILLIAM F. KIRK

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THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

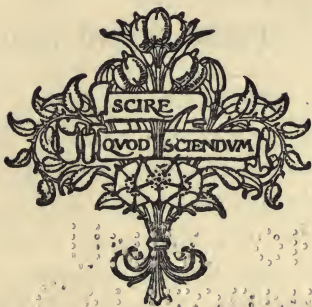


The Norsk Nightingale

THE
NORSK NIGHTINGALE

Being the
Lyrics of a "Lumberjack"

By
WILLIAM F. KIRK



Boston
Small, Maynard & Company
1907

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TO THE
AMERICAN

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Geo. H. Ellis Co.
Boston, U.S.A.*

PREFACE

It is with a certain amount of misgiving that the author sends out this little volume of Scandinavian dialect verses. To the residents of Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the "lumberjack" lives and thrives, the dialect will seem familiar enough; but to other readers such terms as "skol" (shall or will), "ban" (been), "panga" (money), "sum" (than or as), may convey little or no meaning.

But, if the Scandinavian dialect verses are not widely popular, they are at least comparatively fresh and original; and to those readers who can readily grasp the patois, as well as to those who are compelled to struggle painfully through its labyrinths, this volume is respectfully dedicated.

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THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE
HIS LYRICS

"YIM"

Dar ban a little faller,
Ay tenk his name ban Yim,
And nearly every morning
Ay used to seeing him.
He used to stand in gateway,
And call me Svede, and ay
Ant lak to hear dis nickname:
Ay ban a Norsk, yu say.

But he ban little faller,
Ay tenk 'bout sax years old,
And so ay used to lak him—
He ban too small to scold.
Ay used to say, "Val, Yimmie,
Ay ant ban Svede, but yu
Can call me Svede,—ay lak yu
And ant care vat yu du."

By Yeorge! Ay'm glad, ay tal yu,
Dat ay ban gude to him,
Because one venter morning
Ay ant see little Yim.
And next day funeral vagon
Com driving op to door,
And Yim, poor little faller,
Can't call me Svede no more!

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

TILLIE OLSON

Little Tillie Olson
Ban my little pearl;
God ant never making
Any nicer girl.
Dis har Queen of Sheba,
She ban nice to see;
But little Tillie Olson.
Ban gude enuff for me.

Ay ban yust a svamper
Vorking op in voods;
Ay ant ever having
Much of dis world's goods.
Ay know lots of ladies
Var ay used to be,
But little Tillie Olson
Ban gude enuff for me.

Over in Chicago
'Bout sax veeks ago,
Torger Yohnson tak me
Out to see nice show.
Chorus girls ban dancing
Purty fine, by yee;
But little Tillie Olson
Ban gude enuff for me.

HIS LYRICS

Ven ve sit by fireplace
Op at Tillie's house,
She ban cuddling near me,
Yust lak little mouse.
After ve ban married,
Happy ve skol be.
Yas, little Tillie Olson
Ban gude enuff for me.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

THE "LUMBERYACK"

"Roll out!" yell cookee.
"It ban morning," say he,
 "It ban daylight in svamps, all yu guys!"
So out of varm bunk
Ve skol falling kerplunk,
 And rubbing lak blazes our eyes.
Breakfast, den hustle; dinner, den yump!
Lumberyack faller ban yolly big chump.

"Eat qvick!" say the cook.
"Oder fallers skol look
 For chance to get grub yust lak yu!"
So under our yeans
Ve pack planty beans,
 And Yim dandy buckvheat cakes, tu.
Den out on the skidvay, vorking lak mule.
Lumberyack faller ban yolly big fule

"Vatch out!" foreman say.
Den tree fall yure vay,
 And missing yure head 'bout an inch.
Ef timber ban green,
Ve skol rub kerosene
 On places var cross cut skol pinch.
Sawing and chopping, freeze and den sveat.
Lumberyack faller ban yackass, yu bet.



The "Lumberjack"

HIS LYRICS

Ven long com the spring,
Ve drenk and ve sing;
 And calling town faller gude frend,
He help us to blow
Our whole venter's dough,
 But ant got no panga to lend.
Drenk and headache, headache and drenk.
Lumberyack faller ban sucker, ay tenk.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

LITTLE STEENA YOHNSON

Ay ban tenking lots of yu,
Little Steena Yohnson,
Ay ban sure yu love me true,
Little Steena Yohnson.

Oder geezers lak to play
In yure yard, but yu skol say,
“Ay don’t lak yu fallers, nay!”
Little Steena Yohnson.

Some day yu skol be my wife,
Little Steena Yohnson:
Ay ban glad, yu bet yure life,
Little Steena Yohnson.

Ay ban vork lak nigger, tu,
Yumping ’round vith treshing crew;
Ay skol building home for yu,
Little Steena Yohnson.

Maybe ve skol saving dough,
Little Steena Yohnson;
Back to Norway ve skol go,
Little Steena Yohnson—
Back var dis har midnight sun
Shining lak a son of a gun;
Ant yu tenk dis har ban fun,
Little Steena Yohnson?

HIS LYRICS

OLAF

Yust two years ago last venter
Ay meet Olaf op in camp;
Ve ban lumberyacks togedder.
Every morning ve skol tramp
'Bout sax miles yust after breakfast
Till ve come to big pine-trees;
Den our straw boss he skol make us
Vork lak little busy bees.

Olaf, he ban yolly faller,
He skol taling yoke all day;
Sometimes he sing dis har ragtime,
Yust to passing time away.
And at night, ven ve ban smoking
After supper, he skol make
All us lumberyacks to laughing
Till our belts skol nearly break.

Me and Olaf bunked together,
And sometimes he taling me
'Bout his vife and little Torger,
Who ban living cross big sea.
"Ay ban saving dough," say Olaf;
"And next summer, ef ay can,
Ay skol send for vife and baby;
Den ay ban a happy man!"

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

One night Olaf getting letter
Ven ve coming back to camp;
He yust tal me, "Little Torger,"
And his eyes ban gude and damp.
Dis ban how ay know vy Olaf
Never taling no more yoke,—
Vy he yust sit down at night-time,
Close by me, var he skol smoke.



Olaf

HIS LYRICS

“YENNIE DEAR”

Vy yu mak my heart to yump,
Yennie dear?

Ay ban yust a fulish chump,
Yennie dear.

Yu ban sveet lak summer rose,
Lak a qveen from head to toes.
Ay ant fit for you, ay s'pose,
Yennie dear.

Yu ban gude the whole day long,
Yennie dear;
Yu ant never du no wrong,
Yennie dear.

Ay ban tuff old lumberyack,
Taking drenk yust ven ay lak,
Getting slugged and slugging back,
Yennie dear.

But ven ay ban tenk of yu,
Yennie dear,
Ay ban all made over new,
Yennie dear,

Ef ay have yu at my side,
Ef yu ban my little bride,
Ay skol let dese fallers slide,
Yennie dear.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

Oh, ay need yu in my life,

Yennie dear;

Ef ay have an anyel vife,

Yennie dear,

Maybe ay can learn to be

Part lak anyel, tu, yu see;

But it ban big job for me,

Yennie dear.

HIS LYRICS

“PEEK-A-BOO”

“Peek-a-boo!” say little Olaf.

“Yu can’t find me. Ay ban hid.”

Den ay used to look all over

For my little blue-eyed kid.

Op in attic, down in cellar,

Back of chairs on parlor floor ;

Den he used to laugh, and tal me,

“Ay ban back of kitchen door.”

“Peek-a-boo!” he used to tal me.

“Shut yure eyes, and don’t you peek!”

Den ay feel his arms around me

And his kisses on my cheek.

“Now ay’m hiding, dad,” he tal me!

“Maybe, ef you look some more,

Yu skol find yure little Olaf—

Ay ban back of kitchen door.”

“Peek-a-boo!” ay hear him calling,

Lak he called long time ago.

Var ban little Olaf hiding?

Maybe anyel fallers know.

Tousand times ay look to find him

Hiding back of kitchen door,

But ay only see some shadows:

Ay can’t find him any more.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

SONNET ON STEWED PRUNES

Ay ant lak pie-plant pie so wery vell;
Ven ay skol eat ice-cream, my yaws du ache;
Ay ant much stuck on dis har yohnnie-cake
Or crackers yust so dry sum peanut shell.
And ven ay eat dried apples, ay skol svell
Until ay tenk my belt skol nearly break;
And dis har breakfast food, ay tenk, ban fake:
Yim Dumps ban boosting it, so it skol sell.
But ay tal yu, ef yu vant someteng fine,
Someteng so sveet lak wery sveetest honey,
Vith yuice dat taste about lak nice port vine,
Only it ant cost hardly any money,—
Ef yu vant someteng yust lak anyel fude,
Yu try stewed prunes. By yiminy! dey ban gude.

HIS LYRICS

A GOOD FELLOW

Dey tal me ay ban a gude faller.

Ay guess dey ban right; but, yee whiz!

Ef yu ever ban a gude faller,

Yu know 'bout how costly it is.

Ay vork op in voods since Nowember,

And ban op on drive all the spring,

And den ay com down har in city

And vatch all my riches tak ving.

Oh, yes, ay ban yolly gude faller,—

All venter ay eat pork and beans;

Ay only ban har since last Monday,

Now ay ant got cent in my yeans.

Dese geezers dat call me “Old Stocking,”

And pat me lak hal on the back,

Skol give me gude snub 'bout to-morrow,

And calling me “slob lumberyack!”

Ay meet bunch of fallers last Monday,

Yust after ay cashing my check;

Ay s'pose dat ay have it all coming.

Val, ay getting it gude, right in neck.

Ay meet little blonde, her name's Yulia,

Ay tenk dis har Yulia ban Yew;

She touch me for 'bout saxty dollars,

And little gold watch ay have, tu.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

But Yulia she call me gude faller,
 Ay s'pose she tenk dat vill help some;
And all of dem call me gude faller,
 And helping to put me on bum.
Val, back to the pines, Maester Olaf,
 And driving yure old team of mules.
Put dis in yure pipe, tu, and smoke it:
 Gude fallers ban mostly dam fules.

HIS LYRICS

“IT’S UP TO YOU”

Ay s’pose yu tenk life ban hard game.

Ay guess yu lak to qvit, perhaps.

Ay hear yu say, “It ban a shame

To see so many lucky chaps.”

Yu say, “Dese guys ban mostly yaps:

Ay vish ay had some money, tu,

And not get all dese gude hard raps.”

Val, Maester, it ban op to yu.

Sometimes ay s’pose yu vork long hours,

And ant get wery fancy pay;

Den yu can’t buying stacks of flowers

And feed yure girl in gude café,

And drenk yin rickies and frappé.

Oh, yes! dis mak yu purty blue.

Yu lak to have more fun, yu say?

Val, Maester, it ban op to yu.

Dis vorld ant got much room to spare

For men vich make dis hard-luck cry, —

’Bout von square foot vile dey ban har,

And six feet after dey skol die.

Time “fugit,”—high-school vord for “fly”;

And purty sune yure chance ban tru.

So, ef yu lak to stack chips high,

Val, Maester, it ban op to yu.

**THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE
HIS HISTORICAL TALES**

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HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Horatius ban brave yentleman,
Who vatch big bridge at night:
It ban gude many years ago,
Ay ant got date yust right.
Dar ban some foxy geezers
Who march away from home,
And tenk they having qvite gude chance
To raise some hal in Rome.

Lars Porsena ban starting it,—
Ay tenk Lars ban a Svede;
He raise 'bout tousand soldiers,
And put himself in lead.
Then he began tu marching,
And all his frends march, tu,
Till they skol come almost to Rome,
Var dey skol rest a few.

Then op spake Maester Horatius,
Captain of dis har gate:
“To every yackass on dis earth
Death coming sune or late.
So how can ay die better
Than vatching bridge, yu say?
Now who skol standing on my front
And vatching bridge vith me?”

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

Then Maester Laertus Larson,
A scrapper fine ban he,
Say, "Ay skol standing on yure back,
But not on front, by yee!"

And old Herminius Hermanson—
He ban gude fighter, tu,
Say, "Ay skol taking little smash
At dese har Svedes vith yu!"

So ven dis Maester Porsena
Ban come to big bridge gate,
He sees three husky lumberyacks,
And know he come tu late.
But Lars, he ant ban qvitter,
He send 'bout saxteen men
To taking bridge,—by yiminy,
Dey ant come back again!

While old Horatius and his frends
Ban vatching bridge so gude,
Some aldermen on oder shore
Ban sawing planty vood.
Ay tal yu, ven dese boodlers
Ban start to tear tengs down,
Dar ant no better vorkers
Novere in whole dam town.

HIS HISTORICAL TALES

So ven dis bridge start falling,
Horatius' frends yump back;
And he skol stand alone dar—
He ban brave lumberyack.
Then he yump into Tiber,
And say, "Ay skol svim home!"
Dis har ban how Horatius
Skol turn gude trick for Rome.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

WILLIAM TELL

Dar ban a man named Villiam Tell
Who ban a qvite gude shot.
Ay bet yu, ven he tak nice aim,
He always hit the spot.
Ay s'pose he hunting every day
And killing lots of game;
Ef he ban missing such a chance,
Ay tenk it ban a shame.

Some fallers yump on him von day,
And taking him to yail,
And tal him he skol have to pay
Sax tousand dollars' bail.
"Yeew hiz!" say Tell. "Sax tousand bones!
Ay ant got saxty cents!"
And so dey mak him breaking stones
Behind big iron fence.

Den Olaf Gessler say to him:
"Bill, yu ban qvite gude shot,
So ay skol give yu yust von chance
To vinning nice yack pot.
Yure son ban purty brave young kid;
Ay tell yu, on the dead,
Yu skol go free ef you can shoot
Dis apple off his head."

HIS HISTORICAL TALES

“Yerusalem!” say Bill, “ef you
Skol give me drenk of bock,
Ay bet yu ay can shoot dis fruit
Off little Yimmie’s block;
But, ef ay shoot tu low, val, den
Yust sidestep qvick, by heck,
Or yu skol finding little bunch
Of arrows in yure neck!”

So Olaf frame it op for Bill,
And Bill he tak gude aim,
And shoot at little Yimmie’s block,—
Ay tal yu, he ban game.
And Bill skol knocking apple off,
And Yim vent back to school;
But Olaf put Bill back in yail,
And tal him, “April fool!”

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Miles Standish ban having a courtship
Ven all of his fighting ban tru;
Maester Longfaller tal me about it,
And so ay skol tal it to yu.
He say to his room-mate, Yohn Alden:
“Yu know dis Priscilla, ay s’pose.
Last veek, ven ay try to get busy,
Priscilla yust turn op her nose.”

Yohn Alden ban nervy young faller.
So Standish yust tal him: “Old pal,
Pleese boost me to dis har Priscilla,
Yu know ay can’t talk wery val.
Pleese tal her ay ban a gude soldier,
And say ay have money in bank.
Ay’d du dis myself, but, ay tal yu,
My manners in parlor ban rank.”

So Yohn go and call on Priscilla,
And happen to finding her in;
He sit close beside her on sofa,
And give her gude lots of his chin.
“Miles Standish,” he say, “ban gude faller,
Hot stuff vith his pistol and knife;

HIS HISTORICAL TALES

And so ay ban coming to tal yu
He'd lak yu, Priscilla, for vife."

Priscilla, she listen to Alden,
And den give him cute little venk,
And say: "Vy not speak for yureself, Yohn?
Miles Standish ban lobster, ay tenk."
So Standish get double crossed planty;
And dat's yust vat AY vant, by yee,
Ef ever ay get any faller
To doing my sparking for me!

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

ROBINSON CRUSOE

Maester Robinson Crusoe ban lonely old
faller

Who ban on an island gude long time ago;
His friends all ban lost in a yolly big ship-
wreck;

But Robinson always ban lucky, yu know.
He get on dis island, and can't get away.
"By yiminy," say Crusoe, "ay tenk ay skol
stay!"

Von day some cannibals com to dis island,
And brenging some frends just to make
little stew.

Dese frends dey ant lak to be made into
cooking,

And von faller dodge dis har cannibal crew.
His name it ban Friday. He ban a gude
coon,

And Crusoe and he start to eat from same
spoon.

Dey have lots of fun on dis har desert island,
Dey play seven up and casino, ay tenk;
And Crusoe put on a nice bar-tender's apron,
And taught Maester Friday to mix a gude
drenk.

HIS HISTORICAL TALES

Dey get kind o' used to dis old desert isle,
And get 'long togedder qvite gude for a vile.

But Friday ban coon, and yu know dese coon
fallers

Ban looking for tips yust so sharp sum dey
can.

So Friday yust tal Maester Robinson Crusoe,

“Ay tenk, Maester Crusoe, yu ban a cheap
man.”

Den he yump into ocean, and svim yust lak
hal,

And Robinson Crusoe ban losing his pal.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Yeorge Vashington ban honest man.
Ven dis har country first began,
Yeorge ban a yen'ral, and yu bet
Dese English fallers know it yet.
Ven he ban small, his fader say,
"Ef yu skol breng in vood to-day,
And feeding cow and chickens, tu,
Ay skol yust blow myself on yu."

Val, sure enuff, ven Yeorge du chore,
His fader hike for hardware store,
And buy gude hatchet, only it
Ban second-hand a little bit.
Dar ban on edge some little dents,
It ban marked down to saxty cents.
He pay sax cents to sharpen axe,
And so it cost him saxty-sax.
He tak it home to Yeorgie, tu,
And say, "Ay ant ban fuling you."

Next day Yeorge tak dis hatchet out,
And start to rubber all about
For someteng he can chop, yu see,
And den he pipe nice cherry-tree.
"By Yudas! Dis ban soft!" say he.
"Ef dis har axe ban any gude,

HIS HISTORICAL TALES

Dis tree skol sune ban kindling vood.”
So Yeorge give cherry-tree gude whack,
And sveng dis axe lak lumberyack;
And yust ven tree ban falling down,
His fader coming back from town.
Yeorge see old yent ban standing dar,
Smoking gude fifteen-cent cigar;
And so he say: “Val, holy yee!
Ay guess the yig ban op vith me.
Dear fader, AY chopped down dis tree!”

Dar ban gude moral har for youth:
Ven lie ban fulish, tal the truth!

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

PAUL REVERE

Listen, Christina, and yu skol hear
'Bout midnight ride of Paul Revere.
Seventeen hundred seventy-five,
Hardly a geezer ban now alive
Who live har ven Paul ban wolunteer.

Some British fallers ban getting gay,
So Paul yust giving his horse some hay
And say, "Ay skol mak a grand-stand play!"
Den he tal Yohn Brenk,—Yohn ban his frend
Who borrow venever Paul skol lend,—
"Yohn, yust go up har in old church tower,
And, yust so sune sum yu find out hour
British skol march, give me good yal,
And ay skol hustle and ride lak hal!"

So op in the church go old Yohn Brenk,—
It ban first time in his life, ay tenk;
And, ven dese English get busy, he yal,
And vave big lantern to his gude pal,
Maester Paul Revere, who yump on mare,
And off for Lexington he skol tear.
"Yee whiz!" he say, "after dis, ay guess,
Ay skol getting my picture in *Success*.
Dey skol tenk ay'm smart old son of a gun
Ven I gallop into Lexington!"

HIS HISTORICAL TALES

Val, he mak dis ride, yu bet yure life!
And fallers grab gun and drum and fife,
And march to scrap vith dese British men.
Maester Paul ban yolly brave hero den.
And back in the church tower old Yohn Brenk
Climb from his perch, and tak gude drenk.
Val, dis ban all, Christina dear,
'Bout midnight ride of Paul Revere.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

WATERLOO

At Vaterloo dar ban a scrap
Gude many year ago.
Napolyun, he ban brave old chap
And boss of whole French show.
And Maester Vellington, he say,
“Ay skol mak gude defence,
And make dis Bonypart and Ney
To look lak saxty cents.”

Dey start to fight on Sunday morn;
And preacher say to Nap:
“Now, yust so sure sum yu ban born,
Yu’re going to fall in trap.
Ef yu got any vork to du,
Yust chuse some oder day.”
But Nap say, “To the voods vith yu!
Mak dis har bugle play!”

Ven Maester Vellington vake op,
He see a gude big hill,
Vith plenty soldier men on top,—
Ay bet he got gude chill.
“Yerusalem!” he tal his men,
“Dese French ban purty t’ick.
Ay tenk by qvarter after ten
Dey skol feel gude and sick.”

HIS HISTORICAL TALES

Den Yen'ral Blucher com along,
And loading op his gun;
And dis mak tengs look purty strong
For Maester Vellington.
Two heads ban more sum von, yu see;
And Vellington, he say,
"Yust keep yure Yerman gang vith me,
And ve skol vinning day."

Den all his English soldiers scrap
Vith guns so big sum trees;
And Yermans fight vith lager tap
And planty Brickstein cheese.
And so, betveen the two, dey chase
Dese Frenchmen to tall pines;
And old Napolyun hide his face,
And yumping back to mines.

Napolyun, he feels purty bum;
And after vile he say,
"Ef Maester Grouchy only com,
Ve could have von to-day."
But Grouchy ban asleep at sutch,
So vat could Frenchman du?
Dis har ban all the history vich
Ay know 'bout Vaterloo.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Barbara Frietchie ban brave old hen,
Her age it ban tree score and ten.
She living in Frederick, Maryland,—
It ban yust a dinky von night stand.
But Barbara rise to fame, yu bet,
And folks ban talking about her yet.
Ef yu lak to know yust how dis ban,
Ay skol tal yu story the best ay can.

Op the street com Yen-ral Yackson,
Ay bet yu he ban a gude attraction;
For all dese Reubs skol rubber lak hal,
And some of dem calling the yen'ral "pal."
Yackson, he see dem on both sides
Shooting dis bunk to save deir hides.
Den op in vindow he see big flag,
And tenk at first he must have a yag.
No: sure enuff, it ban Union Yack.
So Stonevall stand on his horse's back,
Yell at his men. Dey shoot, von and all,
And into the gutter flag skol fall.

Den Barbara get pretty mad, yu bet,
And say, "Ay skol fule dese geezers yet."
She run to her bureau double haste,
And, yerking out dandy peek-a-boo waist,

HIS HISTORICAL TALES

Nail it to flagstaff, and vave it hard,
And say: "Dis skol hold yu avile, old pard.
Shoot, ef yu must, dis peek-a-boo,
Ef it ant qvite holy enough for yu,
And tak gude aim at dis old gray head,
But spare yure country's flag!" she said.

Den Stonevall Yackson look purty cheap,
And all his soldiers feel yust lak sheep.
He say: "Dis lady skol standing pat.
She ban game old party, ay tal yu dat.
Who taking a shot at yon gray hair
Skol get gude ticket for Golden Stair!"

All day long in Frederick town
Soldiers ban marching op and down.
And late dat night, ven dey leave on Soo,
Dey see dis fluttering peek-a-boo.
And Stonevall Yackson say, "Vat yu tenk!"
And yerk out bottle and tak gude drenk.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Ef yu ban vise, and ay s'pose yu ban,
Yu know 'bout Yeneral Sheridan;
But maybe yu ant remember the day
Ven he yump on horse, and den he say,
"Ay'm yust about tventy-sax miles away."

Some rebel fallers ban start big row
In Vinchester. Ay ant know yust how,
But ay tenk dey yump on some Yankee guys,
And trying to give dem gude black eyes.
So Yeneral Sheridan hear dese guns,
And drank some coffee and eat some buns,
And tal dis har landlord, "Gude-by, Yack,
Ay skol paying my bill ven ay com back!"
Den he ride so fast that sune he say,
"Val, now ay ban saxteen miles away!"

Dese cannons ban roaring gude and loud,—
It ban tough game for dis Yankee crowd;
And Lieut. Olson, he tal his pal,
"Ay tank ve ban due to run lak hal!"
So dey start to run, or else retreat,—
Dis ban noder name for gude cold feet;
And dey run so fast sum dey can go,
Lak Russians luring dese Yaps, yu know.

HIS HISTORICAL TALES

“Yee whiz!” say Sheridan. “Yump, old hoss!
Ay tenk my soldiers get double cross,
Ay s’pose yure hoofs getting purty sore,
But ve only got ’bout sax miles more!”

Val, Yeneral Sheridan meet his men,
And he say: “It’s now yust half-past ten.
Ay hope ay skol never go to heaven
Ef dese Rebel Svedes ant licked by eleven.
Yust turn round now in yure track!
Come on, yu fallers! Ve’re going back!”
And yu bet yure life dey vent back, tu,
And put gude crimp in dis Rebel crew.
But soldiers ban careless sons of guns,
And the yeneral never settled for buns.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE
HIS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

SPEAK GENTLY

Speak yentle; it ban better far
To rule by love dan fear ;
Ef yu speak rough, yu stand nice chance
To get gude smash on ear.

Speak yentle to the coal-man—he
Ban easy to get mad;
Ef yu ant getting any coal,
By yinger, dat ban bad!

Speak yentle to the alderman,
Ven he ban feeling blue,
And maybe, ven he turn gude trick,
He skol whack op vith yu.

Speak yentle to yure lady frends,
And give gude lots of bunk,
Ef yu skol lak to getting chance
To put yure clothes in trunk.

Speak yentle to Yim Yeffries, tu,—
Ay tenk dis ban gude hunch;
Den yu ant need to put yure face
On Maester Yeffries' punch!

Speak yentle everyvere yu go,
And people skol forget
That yu ban vatching for gude chance
Tu vinning every bet!

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on yu, little man!
Barefoot boy, ay tenk yu can
Getting all yu lak, by yee!
Yu ban gude enuff for me.
Yu ant got so many clo'es,
Dar ban freckles on yure nose,
And ay guess yu're purty tuff,
'Cause yu ask for chew of snuff.
But, by yinks, ay lak yure face,
Yu can passing any place.

Barefoot boy, ef ay could du
Yenuine po'try lak the kind
Maester Vittier wrote for yu,
Ay vould write; but never mind,
Ay can tal yu vat ay know,
Even ef dese vords ant flow
Half so slick sum poet's song.
Anyhow, ay don't mean wrong.
Ven ay see yu, little kid,
Ay skol taking off my lid.
Oder little boys ay see
Ant look half so gude to me.

Some of dem ban rich men's boys,
Who ban having planty toys,

HIS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

Vearing nicest clo'es in town,
Lak dis little Buster Brown.
Don't yu care! Ven dey grow up,
 And ban shining at pink tea,
Drenking tea from china cup,
 Yu skol give dem loud tee-hee.
Yu skol laugh at dis har mob
Ven dey come to yu for yob.
Barefoot boy, yu ant got cent;
 But ay tal yu dis, some day
Yu got chance for president
 Ef dese woters com yure vay.
Yust keep vistling all day long,
Yust keep sening little song,
And ef yu skol always love
Some one who ban op above,
Who ban making day and night,
He skol fix yu out all right.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

FATHER WILLIAM

“Yu ban old, Fader Olaf,” a young geezer say, “yure hair it ban whiter sum snow; Ay lak yu to tal me how yu keep so young. By Yudas! Ay ant hardly know.”

“Ven ay ban a young kid,” Fader Olaf he say, “ay never hang out in saloon; Ay never ban smoking dese har cigarettes, or sitting on sofa and spoon!”

“Yu ban slim, Fader Olaf,” the young faller say: “old fallers ban mostly dam fat. Yu measure 'bout twenty-sax inches round vaist, vat for ban the reason of dat?”

“In the days of my youth,” Fader Olaf reply, “ay ant drenk no lager from cup; Ay let all my frends fight dis bourbon and rye, and always pass breakfast fude up!”

“Fader Olaf, yure eyes ban so bright sum a star, yu ant vear no glasses at all; Ay lak yu to tal me gude reason for dis; ay hope yu don't give me no stall.”

HIS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

“All the days of my life,” Fader Olaf den
say, “ay never ban going to shows,
And straining my eyes vatching dese chorus
girls vich ant veering wery much clo’es!”

Den young faller say, “Fader Olaf, ay tenk
yu ban full of yinger, old pal;
But yu had to be missing gude times all yure
life, so ay skol keep on raising hal!”

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

ABOU SWEN ANSON

Abou Swen Anson (he ban jolly dog)
Ban asleep von night so sound lak log,
Ven all at vonce he tenk it sure ban day.
“Ay skol vake op now,” Maester Anson say.
But, ven he vake, it ant ban day at all,
He see a gude big light right close to vall,
And dar ban anyel faller vith stub pen.
“Gude morning, maester anyel man,” say
Swen.

“Ay s’pose,” he tal the anyel, “yu ban har
To pay me wisit. Skol yu have cigar?”
The anyel shake his head, and Abou Swen
Ask him: “Val, Maester, vy yu com har den?
Vat skol yu write in dis har book of gold?”
The anyel say, “All fallers, young and old,
Who go to church and prayer-meeting, tu;
But ay ant got a place in har for yu.”

“Ay s’pose,” say Abou, “yu got noder book
For common lumberyacks vich never took
Flyer at church or dis har Sunday-school,
But yust try hard to keeping Golden Rule.
Ef yu got dis book, Maester, put me in!”
Den anyel look at Abou, and he grin.
“Abou,” he say, “shak hands. Yu talk qvite free,
But, yiminy Christmas, yu look gude to me!”

HIS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

MAUD MULLER

Maude Muller, on nice summer day,
Raked in meadows sveet vith hay.

Her eyes ban sharp lak gude sharp knife;
She ban nice girl, ay bet yure life.

Before she ban dar wery long,
She start to sening little song.

The Yudge come riding down big hill
In nice red yumping ottomobill.

Maude say, "Hello, Yudge,—how ban yu?"
The Yudge say, "Maudie, how y' du?"

He say: "Skol yu tak little ride?
Ef yu skol lak to, yump inside."

So Maude and Yudge ride 'bout sax miles,
And Yudge skol bask in Maude's sveet smiles.

The Yudge say, "Skol yu be my pal?"
Den ottomobill bust all to hal.

Den Maude ban valking 'bout half vay
Back to meadows sveet vith hay.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

“Ay luv yu still, dear,” say the Yudge;
But Maude she only say, “O fudge!”

Of all sad vords dat men skol talk,
The saddest ban, “Valk, yu sucker, valk!”

LUCY GRAY

Ay s'pose yu know 'bout Lucy Gray
Who used to play on moor,
And having qvite gude time all day
Beside her fader's door.

Dis Maester Vordsworth write it down,
Gude many years ago,
How Lucy start to valk to town
In gude big drifts of snow.

"Lucy," her fader say, "yust tak
Dis lantern from the shelf."
Say Lucy, "Ay have kick to mak;
Vy don't yu go yureself?"

But Lucy's dad ant stand no talk,
And say, "Yu have to go!"
So Lucy Gray tak little valk
To town in dis har snow.

Miss Lucy ant come back dat night,
And ant come back next day;
And den her parents get gude fright.
"Our kid ban lost!" dey say.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

Dey look for tracks vich Lucy mak,
And find some tracks dat go
Up to a bridge on little lake,
And den ban lost in snow.

And so dey tenk Miss Gray ban lost,
And feeling purty bum.
The funeral saxty dollars cost,
And all the neighbors com.

But Lucy ant ban lost at all.
She met a travelling man.
He ban a bird. His name ban Hall,
And off for town dey ran.

And Maester Hall and Lucy Gray
Ban married in St. Yo,
And dey ban keeping house to-day
In Kansas City, Mo.

STEALING A RIDE

Yumping over crossings,
 Bumping over svitches,
Till ay tenk dis enyine
 Going to fall in ditches;
Hiding vith some cattle,
 Ay tenk 'bout saxty-eight;
Yiminy! Dis ban yolly,—
 Stealing ride on freight

Ay ban yust tru treshing
 Op in Nort Dakota;
Now ay guess ay'm going
 Back to old Mansota.
Now dis train ban stopping,
 'Bout sax hours to vait;
Yiminy! Dis ban yolly,—
 Stealing ride on freight.

Ay skol stretch a little
 Yust to tak a sleep;
Den my head bump into
 Gude big fader sheep.
Yee! His head ban harder
 Sum a china plate;
Dis ban yolly doings,—
 Stealing ride on freight.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

Yumping over crossings,
 Bumping over switches,
Till my side ban getting
 Saxty-seven stitches.
Ay hear brakeman faller
 Say, "Yust ten hours late!"
It ban hal, ay tal yu,
 Stealing ride on freight.



The Harvest Hand

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

HIS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

“CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT”

England's sun ban slowly setting on big hill-
tops far away;

Dis har sun ban tired of standing, so it lak
to set, yu say;

And yust ven dis sun ban setting, it shine
hard on Yosephine;

She ban talking to the sexton, and ban feel-
ing purty mean.

“Now,” she tal him, “yust be careful, . . .
ay skol fix it op all right;

Yust one teng ay lak to tal yu, Curfew skol
not reng to-night!”

Val, the sun yust keep on setting, and the sex-
ton start for bell.

“Vait a minute!” Yosie tal him; sexton
answer, “Vat to 'ell?”

“Val,” she say, “ay having sveetheart who
ban over har in yail,

Ay ban vorking hard for money, nuff so ay
can pay his bail;

But it ant no use to du it, and dis har old
yudge skol write

That he dies ven bell start going. Curfew
skol not reng to-night!”

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

Den, yu say, dis maester sexton, he can't
hearing Yosephine;
He ban vork in boiler factory ven he ban
about saxteen,
And it mak him deaf lak blazes. So he
go and grabbing rope;
But Miss Yosephine ant qvitter, she ant
losing any hope.
No, sir! she run op in bell tower, yust so
fast sum she can run,
And she tak gude hold on bell tongue, and
hang on lak son of a gun.

Maester sexton, he keep rengine, but dis bell
ant reng, yu say;
For Miss Yosephine ban op dar; she ant
ban no country yay.
Ay yust bet yu she get groggy, for her yob
ban purty tough;
But the bell don't "dingle dangle," it ant
even making bluff.
"Val, by yinger!" say the sexton, "dis har
rope ban awful tight."
Yosephine look down, and tal him, "Cur-
few skol not reng to-night!"

HIS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

Purty soon it ban all over. Sexton, he ban
start for town,

And Miss Yosie rest a minute, den ay s'pose
she coming down.

Anyhow, she go next morning for gude talk
vith some poleece,

And she jolly Maester Cromwell—he ban
Yustice of the Peace.

“Gude for yu,” say Maester Cromwell, “ay
skol let him live, all right:

Yust because yu fule dis sexton—curfew
skol not reng to-night!”

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tal me not, yu knocking fallers,
Life ban only empty dream;
Dar ban planty fun, ay tal yu,
Ef yu try Yohn Yohnson's scheme.
Yohn ban yust a section foreman,
Vorking hard vay up on Soo;
He ban yust so glad in morning
As ven all his vork ban tru.

"Vork," say Yohn, "ban vat yu mak it.
Ef yu tenk yure vork ban hard,
Yu skol having planty headaches,—
Yes, yu bet yure life, old pard;
But ay always yerker my coat off,
Grab my shovel and my pick,
And dis job ant seem lak hard von
Ef ay du it purty qvick."

Yohn ban foreman over fallers.
He ant have to vork, yu see;
But, yu bet, he ant no loafer,
And he yust digs in, by yee!
"Listen, Olaf," he skol tal me,
"Making living ant no trick,
And the hardest job ban easy
Ef yu only du it qvick!"

HIS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

Let us den be op and yumping,
Always glad to plow tru drift;
Ven our vork ban done, den let us
Give some oder faller lift.
Den, ay bet yu, old Saint Peter,
He skol tenk ve're purty slick;
Ve can go tru gates, ay bet yu,
Ef ve only du it quick!"

ANNIE LAURIE

Minneapolis ban qvite bonny
Ven early fall the dew;
It ban dar dat ay ask Steena
To mak her promise true,—
To mak her promise true;
But she yust pass me by;
And she tal me, “Maester Olaf,
Yu skol please lay down and die.”

Her brow ban yust lak snowdrift
Or Apple Blossom flour;
And she smile lak anyel fallers,
Ay tenk of her each hour,—
Ay tenk of her each hour,
And feel lak ay can cry,
Ven she tal me, “Maester Olaf,
Yu skol please lay down and die.”

Like dew on sidevalk falling,
She du me gude, ay guess.
Ay tal her, “Pleese, Miss Steena,
Vy don’t yu answer yes?—
Vy don’t yu answer yes?”
But she yust venk her eye,
And she tal me, “Maester Olaf,
Yu skol please lay down and die.”

HIS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Yoyfully, yoyfully,
Yoyfully onvard,
In dis har walley of death
Rode the sax hundred!
It ban a cinch, ay tenk,
 Some geezer blundered.
“Hustle, yu Light Brigade!
Yump!” Maester Olson said;
Den in the walley of death
 Go the sax hundred.

Cannon on right of dem,
Cannon on left of dem,
Cannon on top of dem,
 Wolleyed and t'undered;
Smashed vith dis shot and shal,
Dey ant do wery val;
Most of dem ketching hal,—
 Nearly sax hundred!

Yes, all dem sabres bare
Flash purty gude in air;
Each faller feel his hair
 Standing. No vonder!

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

Yudas! It ant ban yob
For any coward slob,
Fighting dis Russian mob.
Ay tenk ay vudn't stand
Yeneral's blunder.

Cannon on right of dem,
Cannon on top of dem,
Cannon behind dem, tu,
Wolleyed and t'undered.
Finally say Captain Brenk,
"Ve got enuff, ay tenk,
Let's go and getting drenk."
'Bout twenty-sax com back
Out of sax hundred.

Ven skol deir glory fade?
It ban gude charge dey made,
Every von vondered.
Every von feeling blue,
'Cause dey ban brave old crew,
Yolly gude fallers, tu,
Dis har sax hundred!

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HIS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

EXCELSIOR

The shades of night ban falling fast,
Ven tru Dakota willage passed
Young faller who skol carry flag
And yell, so loud sum he can brag,
“Excelsior!”

Ay ant know yust vat he skol mean,
But yust lak dis har talk machine
He keep on saying, night and day
(Ay s’pose to passing time away),
“Excelsior!”

Swen Swenson tal me dis har guy
Ban crazy; den he tal me why.
He say dis faller once ban gay
And happy; den he never say
“Excelsior!”

But after while, say Sven, he meet
A chorus girl who look quite sveet,
And marry her, and den find out
Vat making her so plump and stout—
“Excelsior!”

So now poor faller have to go,
Lak lunatic, tru ice and snow.
He tenk about his old girl May,
And dis ban all vich he can say—
“Excelsior!”

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

MORTALITY

Vat for should dis spirit of mortal ban proud ?
Man valk round a minute, and talk purty
loud;

Den doctor ban coming, and say, "Ay
can't save."

And man have to tak running yump into
grave.

To-day dis har faller ban svelling around,
His head ban so light dat his feet ant touch
ground.

To-morrow he light vith his face in the sand,
And hustle lak hal to get gude helping hand.

Ay see lots of fallers who tenk dey ban vise,
Yu see dem yureself ef yu open yure eyes;
Dey tal 'bout the gold dey skol making some
day,

And yump ven the vash-voman com for her
pay.

Ay tal yu, dear frend, purty sune ve ban
dead,

So ay tenk ve ban suckers to getting
svelled head.

It ant wery far from Prince Albert to shroud;
Vat for should dis spirit of mortal ban proud ?

THE DAY IS DONE

The day ban done, and darkness
Falling from vengs of night,
Lak fedder flying from ruster,
Ven he ban having fight.
Ay see the lights of willage
Shining tru rain and mist,
And ay skol feel dam sleepy,
Lak fallers playing whist.

Come, read tu me some wersed,
Ay ant care vat yu read,
Yust so it ant 'bout trouble
Or hearts vich ache and bleed.
Ay lak dese har nice yingles
'Bout sun and trees and grass;
But, ven it com to heartache,
Yerusalem! ay skol pass!

Read from some humble geezer,
Whose songs ban sveet to hear—
Who making, from his poetry,
'Bout saxteen cents a year.
Ay lak to hear his yingles,
Ay tell yu, dey ban fine;
Dis har ban vy ay lak dem—
Dey ban so much lak mine.

THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

Such songs have gude, nice sound—
Dey making sorrow fly;
Dey coming lak glass of seltzer
Vich follows drenk of rye.
And night skol be full of music,
And tengs ve lak to forget
Skol fold op tents lak yipsies,
And sneaking away, yu bet!

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